

FRENCH LOVE OF WAR.

The French are in more respects than one a strange people.

For many generations has France held a prominent position among the nations of Europe. Science, literature and art have received valued aid from the efforts of her sons, and in the long and fearful history of European warfare the land of Bayard, of Joan of Arc, and of "Marengo's" chief, can point to many a glorious battle-field, many a triumphant campaign, many a proud returning of her victorious standards to her gay capital amid the pealing bells, blazing rockets and scattered flowers that marked the joy of that volatile and excitable nation. So may she also number not a few crushing and terrible defeats, when with armies slain or scattered, and a soil over-run by hostile soldiery, she has drained to the bitter dregs the cup of humiliation and oppression. But not all the horrors of the wars which have devastated her fertile plains and vineyard-covered hillsides, have sufficed to overcome her love of military life, and every period of returning peace and prosperity, with strength restored by rest from war, finds Jean Crapaud again restless, eager, dissatisfied with his quiet existence, and spurring for a chance to again engage in his old trade of arms.

In respect to his fondness for military life there is a marked distinction between the Gaul and the Anglo-Saxon.

An American, an Englishman or a German must have some good reason shown him before he embarks in war. There must be oppression to resist, encroachments to repel, national life or national security or dignity to maintain, some principle to vindicate, or some other great and good object to be attained, before he consents to bring upon his country the manifold horrors of war. But having once decided on the step, he keeps the object in view, and will not willingly sheathe the sword he has reluctantly drawn until his object is attained.

But with a Frenchman glory is in itself a sufficient reason and a sufficient reward for all the miseries of war and all the fearful legacy of debt, bereavement and desolation it leaves in its train. *La gloire* the French nation accepts as compensation for land laid waste, for widowed mothers and orphaned children. No Emperor can ever fully gain the affection of that volatile people unless he can give them military renown.

The first Napoleon built his throne on the corpses of his followers. He strewed the graves of hundreds of thousands of brave Frenchmen from the frozen sands of Russia to where, on the burning plains of Egypt, he exhorted his legions to remember that the centuries looked down upon them from the summit of the pyramids.

When on his last fatal field he confronted the hosts of combined Europe, he had almost depopulated France. The cruelty of Nero was not half so fatal to his people as was the ambition of Bonaparte. Thousands of his veterans rested under the soil of two continents, and boys scarce able as yet to lift the musket, or tramp under the weight of the knapsack, but burning to emulate the glory of their fathers, filled his ranks for his last fatal field.

When that dreadful day was over, France was far more desolate than was Egypt on the dread morning after the angel of death had passed through the land.

Of all his glorious campaigns, France found the final result in a conquered soil, an Emperor banished by a foreign power to an island in mid-ocean, a fearful legacy of debt, desolation and affliction, and the insulting armies of the allies flaunting their banners in the proud city that had so often resounded with shouts of welcome to the returning veterans of Ney, of Murat, and the other great marshals of the greater chieftain.

Europe, that had felt his blows so fearfully, execrated Napoleon as a usurper, a blood-thirsty tyrant, a selfish monster, striding on to glory despite the tears and blood of his subjects. Not so France. The triumph, short-lived though it was, that had decked her banners, the halo of glory that still hovered over her many successful, though now fruitless, battle-fields, the terror that had lately inspired every crowned head of Europe at the name of France—this paid for all the dread account of blighted hopes, and ruined homes, and prostrate grandeur.

The maiden whose lover had fallen at Austerlitz, the widow whose husband had sunk to his death on the distant coast of Africa, the aged father whose sons had expired with the shouts of victory at Marengo, thought amid their tears of the proud exultation that had thrilled France at the glorious result of the battles their loved ones had helped to gain, and blessed the name of the man for whom his soldiers were proud to die.

And when in after years the body of "the little corporal" was brought from the lonely rock where his last delirious words, as he lived over again in dying agonies the scenes of the past were "At the head of the army!" and laid to rest at Paris at that grave in the Invalides, where through its veil of tinted glass, a perpetual sunshine is made to seem to shine on the great Emperor's tomb, the spot became a sacred one to Frenchmen—a Mecca to which pious pilgrimages are made, to renew in memory the glories of the bright days gone by.

The present Emperor well understands the character of the people over whom he reigns. Through the course of the tortuous policy which has marked his reign, his success in maintaining his power over a people, a considerable portion of whom cordially hate him, has been in no small degree due to the military glory on which he has enabled the national vanity to feast as the result of the successes at Solferino, Magenta and Sevastopol. That his present military enterprise is prompted by a desire for similar popularity, together with the hereditary French longing for the Rhine boundary, no sane disinterested party doubts. Not even a Frenchman could gather, even from his proclamation, that there was any necessity for war on account of the Spanish question or the national honor of France. The conduct of the nation on this occasion was eminently characteristic. While some thoughtful men like Thiers spoke calmly against the fearful step, yet the Chamber, by vote, endorsed the Emperor. Paris resounded with the enthusiastic shouts of the populace, and the soldiery starting off on the sad campaign from which so many of the brave fellows will never return, declared that they were "leaving Paris for Berlin." Already, it is true, a sober second thought has come even to the volatile Frenchmen, and in the sad exclamation of the parting volunteers, "A great many men will be killed," we see a realization of the fact that many a battle-field will be found on the road to Berlin.

But what is the conduct of the nation whose sovereign, accompanied by the heir of the throne, and thousands of the brave spirits of his land, has marched out towards the fatal Rhine frontier? First comes the trifling success of Saarbrück. Belts ring, bonfires blaze, and Paris goes wild with enthusiasm. Shouts are heard everywhere for the Emperor. Had such news continued to arrive, Thiers and all the malcontents would soon have found their complaints drowned in the universal rejoicing. But then came the sad day of Weissenburg. The victorious Prussians are on French soil, McMahon is driven back, fugitives line the road, prisoners by tens of thousands are in the hands of the enemy, Metz is in danger and reported abandoned, and the Ministry are adopting strenuous measures for the defense of the endangered capital of the late confident and boastful nation. Now, if his cause was one they approved the people should have clung closer than ever to their leader and by their zeal and energy revived his spirits drooping under his late defeat. But instead of the late "Vive l'Empereur," the fatal shout of "A bas l'Empereur" is heard. It becomes an agitated question whether he shall be allowed to return to the throne. It is even seriously doubted whether the result of the war may not be to find France a republic, and the London Times forcibly remarks that Napoleon has himself in a fortnight more undermined his throne than his enemies could have done in a score of years.

Our recent dispatches indicate a French victory. If such should prove to be the case, it will be found that the tide will again turn and the recent ardent Republicans will be again zealous Imperialists. So it will be when the war is closed. Should the pride of France be humbled and her banner trailed in the dust, Louis Napoleon, if he returns at all, will return to a disaffected people and a shaking throne.

But if without a single tangible advantage secured, without a single step gained toward the coveted Rhine frontier, with fearful loss to his armies and a terrible addition to the already grievous national debt of France, he nevertheless returns, having humbled the black eagle of Prussia and inscribed another glorious though profitless war on the annals of France, he will be hailed with delight and find his dynasty made firmer than ever over a people with whom the long list of sorrows that follow in the train of a bloody war are fully compensated for by the one word—glory.

OUR GOVERNMENT TAKING WASHINGTON'S ADVICE.

"In time of peace prepare for war," was the advice left by the wise Washington to the land he had saved. The pendency of the present terrible European struggle gives us an opportunity for profiting in a measure by his words.

Few nations, if any, as readily adapt themselves, on short notice, to a state of warfare, and as quietly and successfully, when the necessity for strife no longer exists, lay aside the grim regalia of Mars, and turn again to peaceful pursuits, as the Americans. The events of the opening and closing of our late war fully proved this. But all who remember the dark days of the commencement of the strife know well what delays and disasters, what loss of treasure and precious life, resulted from lack of preparation, from being obliged to experiment until we had got into good working order. A certain amount of even such trouble is preferable to the many evils necessarily resulting from a very large standing army, an institution foreign alike to the feelings and institutions of Americans.

But there is no reason why what army we have should not be in the best possible condition for effectiveness if needed, and the military department of our Government be, in respect to arms, accoutrements, artillery, and everything pertaining to military science, in the greatest possible condition of advancement. The shock of the huge armies now contending on the soil of France, gives us many opportunities of useful observation. We may, with advantage, compare the practical efficiency of the needle gun and the chassepot with the Spencer, the Henry and other improved arms of American make. In artillery, too, we may gain some useful items. And we shall certainly be able to decide whether the much-vaunted mitrailleuse is or is not a humbug.

The style of uniform, the weight of knapsack and accoutrements, and other similar points have much more to do with the efficiency of an army than many people suppose. In all such matters nations may, with advantage, learn lessons from each other.

The action of our Government in sending Sheridan as a looker-on at the great struggle is timely and wise. This is an age of progress, in military as well as social science, and the universal Yankee Nation desires to keep itself supplied with "all the modern improvements."

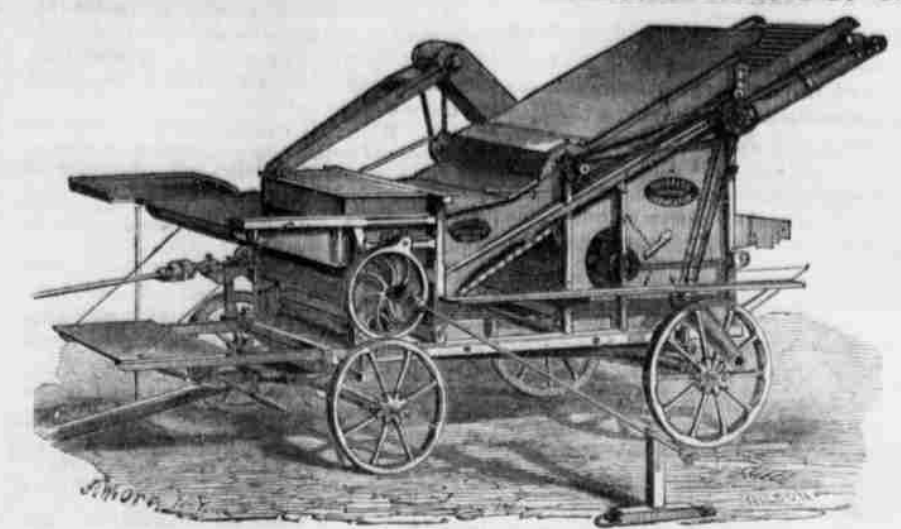
The Imperial Infant.

Of course this boy baptised is now a child of fame. Now let Mr. Abbott sharpen his pen and do up the precious Imperial Infant for Oliver Optic's magazine or the *Young Folks' Monthly*. Let him picture for the youth of America the scene at Saarbrück; tell them how Master Louis, on his two feet high Shetland pony, with his tin sword drawn and flashing in the sun, dashed up to the front where the erudite bullets stormed, and there, in sight of two big armies, coolly picked up one of those deadly missiles from off the battle field, put it safely in his breeches pocket, slapped his little hand on it, winked his eye, and then rode away at his papa's heels. If this incident moved the whole French army to weep, think of the oceans of juvenile tears that Abbott and only Abbott can bid gush. Let 'em gush, as Mr. Ward, under the circumstances, would have said. Our lads have had too long a cry over Casa Bianca. It's here in the person of Lu. Bonaparte, who, aid by his stern parent, rode right to the front, where the bullets (fallen ones) were as thick as chestnuts after a shower. Let there be peace now. If Napoleon Third went to battle to get a bit of warlike prestige for his son, it's "above."

"When Billy Tell was doomed to die
Or shoot the pippin off his baby's head,
He said: 'Hold your mouth, shut your eye,
Or I might shoot you dead.'"

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RESIDENCES, CHEAP AND DESIRABLE COTTAGES, and all kinds of city property.

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ALSO, A NEAT NEW BUILDING, WITH ONE room on first floor and two above. Suitable for a millinery store or merchant tailor.

NEAT HOUSE OF FOUR ROOMS AND LARGE basement, well furnished; good cistern with pump and yard terrace and garden. Rent reasonable.

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Sickness, Pain and Death

Legitimately result as casualties for violations of natural laws, from which none can escape.

The faded cheek, the pale and wan features, the dull eye, the clouded intellect, the deep heaving sigh, the feeble and emaciated frame, the dejected brow, the tottering gait, all indicate previous transgression of law. Knowing that "prostration is the thief of time," all intelligent beings apply for some remedy as soon as circumstances permit; while those who do not act upon the principle that "delays are dangerous," generally linger, lose more time and pay more money.

Thousands of mothers and daughters, in all stations and conditions of life, are suffering, lingering and dying from the effects of some dreaded and dreadful

Female Complaint.

That status its victims throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Many females suffer in some way at each monthly period, some are in great peril at the close of the month of menstruation, while others dread its decline at the "turn of life." Sometimes the menstrual flow is too much, or too little, or may be attended with pain; may be irregular or entirely checked, or changed in its course, attended with other distressing symptoms. Leucorrhoea, or the "Whites," frequently drains the system, or derangement of the womb may create pain and cause rapid prostration.

Falling of the womb is an exceedingly common complaint, giving much trouble and distress, which, under ordinary treatment, is difficult to cure.

Hysterics, green sickness, irritability of the Womb, and other serious and fatal complaints follow the female sex throughout life. Lives there a medical gentleman who has or can relieve the fair sex of the above troubles? Not many. Is there a combination of remedies that agents that will come to her rescue? We answer, Yes.

English Female Bitters.

The only acknowledged Uterine Tonic and Female Regulator known, will cure all those complaints above mentioned in an incredibly short time. The Bitters at once arouses, strengthens and restores the womb to its natural condition, removing obstructions, relieving pain, and regulating the monthly period. Younger stands a pale, feeble and languid girl, just bursting into womanhood; she is the pride of all, but hark! she silently steals a peck, eats chalk, or a slate pencil, no appetite for food, she turns with a dull eye and seeks solitude; her eye no longer sparkles, her merry laugh is no longer heard ringing through the air; she moans about with bloodless lips and gums, with headache, pain, and constipation, swimming of the head, cold feet and hands, melancholy; she has a coated tongue, offensive breath, and a host of other evils too numerous to mention.

When neglected all these symptoms become aggravated, there is sick stomach, heartburn, a dark line settles under the eyes, the legs and ankles are swollen, the hair loses its gloss and falls off, there is brittleness and splitting of the finger-nails, swollen abdomen, extreme nervousness, fretfulness, pains and aches, dry cough, hysterical fits, rapid prostration, epilepsy and death! If you, or any of your friends, are thus afflicted, send at once for a bottle of English Female Bitters and let us cure! Its effects are magical in such complaints. Surely no mother will postpone and delay this duty until

Death is at the Door.

In all these complaints the system evidently shows a want of red blood, and Mr. Churchill, in his work on Diseases of Females, says: "Bearing in mind that the blood is remarkably deficient in red corpuscles, and the known property of iron to correct this condition, theory suggests it as the most to be relied on, the best of which is the Citrate." Citrate of Iron enters largely into the composition of English Female Bitters, combined with powerful vegetable tonics of rare qualities.

Among the mountains of Tennessee, and the piney woods of Mississippi, is found a certain hard and flinty root, which has been in secret use by some old midwives for many years, possessing magic powers in regulating and restoring all females suffering with any affection of the womb. This root we have obtained, gave it a fair test in our practice, and it is now one of the principal ingredients in these Bitters. Other powerful uterine and general tonics also enter into its composition. We also add Leptandra or Black root, sufficient to act upon the liver and keep the bowels open.

Blooming Young Girls.

Middle-aged matrons, those at the critical period, and the aged grandmother, are all cured by the use of our English Female Bitters, now prescribed and used by physicians all over the country.

If you are troubled with Falling of the Womb, attended with a sense of weight and bearing down, pain in the back and side, and other attendant evils, English Female Bitters will give entire relief.

Those at the "turn of life," mothers after confinement, and all others (male or female) who are enervated from any protracted or debilitating complaint, who gain strength slowly, and whose digestion is slow and imperfect, will find these Bitters the very thing their system demands. It gives a powerful appetite, aids and assists digestion, arouses the liver, strengthens mentally and physically, and fills the whole system with pure crimson blood coursing through its channels.

Common Grogshop Bitters

Empty bitter bottles, of various styles, can be found around almost every dwelling and cabin throughout the land. Their taste is pleasant, and are advertised to cure almost every disease, while the manufacturers know they possess no medicinal properties whatever. They are so many disguises for exceedingly common beverages, which do not, nor cannot, possibly cure any one.

Beware of these pleasant bitters in quart bottles; they contain a sting for your vitals, and he who buys them, carries a "poison" grog into his house. One man knows nothing about medicine, says his big bottles of common stuff will cure chills and fever, rheumatism and consumption; another, whose bottle is very fancy, cures all impurities of the blood, makes old men young, casts out devils, restores sight to the blind, and numbers of other miracles; while yet another, who presumes every man a drunkard, proposes to cure cold, ingrowing nails, yellow fever, heart disease, and liver-sickness! We know they make no such cures, we know the people at large are deceived and swindled, and as we desire to ventilate these common humbugs, make the following challenge to one and all:

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That one tablespoonful of ENGLISH FEMALE BITTERS contains as much medicinal properties as one bottle of any of the pleasantly tasted, common advertised bitters of the day! The medical profession to decide the question. Be it understood that the English Female Bitters is not a beverage, but is a powerful Iron and Vegetable Tonic combined, curing long standing chronic female complaints in every direction. Put up in large bottles at \$1.50 per bottle, or six bottles for \$8.00, and sold by druggists and merchants everywhere.

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